HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THIRD

Triennial Festival

BOOK OF PROGRAMMES.

MAY, 1874.

Rand, Avery & Co., Printers, Boston.

Henry F. Walters
13 Pleasant St.
Salem

Handel and Haydn Society.

WORDS OF THE ORATORIOS

AND OTHER VOCAL SELECTIONS,

AND PROGRAMMES OF THE

SYMPHONY CONCERTS,

PERFORMED AT THE

GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL

OF MAY, 1874.

TOGETHER WITH

THE NAMES OF THE ASSISTING ARTISTS,
THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY, AND THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GUARANTEE FUND;

WITH NOTES,

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHORAL WORKS SELECTED FOR PERFORMANCE.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF RAND, AVERY, & CO., 117 FRANKLIN STREET.
1874.

Handel and Haydn Society.

THIRD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL,

COMMENCING ON

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 5,

AND CLOSING ON

SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 10.

The following is a complete list of engagements for the Festival: —

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

Soprani.

MISS EDITH WYNNE of London. MRS. J. HOUSTON WEST.

MRS. H. M. SMITH.

Contralti.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

Tenori.

MR. NELSON VARLEY. MR. GEO. L. OSGOOD.

MR. WM. J. WINCH.

Bassi.

MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY. MR. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN.

MR. JOHN F. WINCH.

The chorus of the society numbering

SIX HUNDRED VOICES,

AND

THEODORE THOMAS'S ORCHESTRA,

increased for this festival to

Eighty-Five Musicians.

Theodore Thomas will conduct a portion of the Festival programme.

THE GREAT ORGAN . . . . . B. J. LANG, Organist.

Conductor of Festival . . . CARL ZERRAHN.

The Chickering Pianos are used at all the Festival Concerts.

Tuesday Evening, May 5th, 1874,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

OPENING OF THE FESTIVAL.

JUDAS MACCABAEUS.

HANDEL.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MISS EDITH WYNNE, MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY, MR. NELSON VARLEY, MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

Part First.

OVERTURE.

CHORUS.

Mourn, mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah; mourn in solemn strains;
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er:
Your hero, friend, and father is no more.

Soprano and Tenor. — DUET.

From this dread scene, these adverse powers,
Ah! whither shall we fly?
O Solyma,
Thy boasted towers in smoky ruins lie.

Bass. — RECITATIVE. — SIMON.

Not vain is all this storm of grief:
To vent our sorrows gives relief.
Wretched indeed! but let not Judah's race
Their ruin with desponding arms embrace.
Distractful doubt and desperation
Ill become the chosen nation, —
Chosen by the Great *I Am*,
The Lord of Hosts, who still the same
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of prayer.

Soprano. — AIR.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORALE.

O Father! whose Almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite,

FUGUE. *Allegro.*

And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

Bass. — RECITATIVE AND AIR.

I feel the Deity within,
Who the bright cherubim between
His radiant glory erst displayed:
To Israel's distressful prayer
He hath vouchsafed a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

Bass. — AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave! a noble cause,
The cause of Heaven, your zeal demands
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws:
The almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

Tenor. — RECITATIVE AND AIR. — JUDAS.

'Tis well, my friends: with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, famed of old
For their exploits in war. Oh! may their fire
With active courage you their sons inspire,
As, when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
Till kings he had destroyed, and kingdoms won.

Tenor. — AIR. — JUDAS.

Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering sword,
That triumphs in sweet liberty restored.

Soprano. — RECITATIVE AND AIR.

To heaven's almighty King we kneel,
For blessings on this exemplary zeal.
Bless him, Jehovah, bless him! and once more
To thy own Israel liberty restore.

Soprano. — AIR.

O liberty! thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure!
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on! Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

Tenor. — RECITATIVE. — JUDAS.

So willed my father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest:
"Can ye behold," said he, "the miseries
In which the long-insulted Judah lies,
Can ye behold the dire distress, —
And not at least attempt redress?"
Then faintly, with expiring breath,
"Resolve, my sons, on liberty or death."
We come: Oh! see thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war,
With hearts intrepid, and revengeful hands,
To execute — O sire! — thy dread commands.

CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power — O Jehovah! — all nations may know.

Tenor. — RECITATIVE. — JUDAS.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the Lord, our strength and shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord! on thee we call,
Resolved on conquest or a glorious fall.

Part Second.

CHORUS.

Fallen is the foe: so fall thy foes — O Lord! —
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

Soprano. — RECITATIVE, DUET, AND CHORUS.

Well may we hope our freedom to receive;
Such sweet transporting joys thy actions give.

Soprano and Alto. — DUET AND CHORUS.

Sion now her head shall raise:
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

Soprano. — RECITATIVE.

Oh! let eternal honors crown his name, —
Judas, first worthy on the rolls of fame.
"He put on the breastplate like a giant,
And girt his warlike harness about him.
In his acts he was like a lion,
And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey."

Soprano. — AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile:
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame.

Soprano and Alto. — DUET AND CHORUS.

Hail, Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

Tenor. — RECITATIVE.

Thanks to my brethren; but look up to Heaven!
To Heaven let glory and all praise be given;
To Heaven give your applause; nor add the second cause,
As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The sword of God and Gideon."
It was the Lord that for his Israel fought;
And this our wonderful salvation wrought.

Tenor. — AIR.

How vain is man! — who boasts in fight
The valor of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides this weak machine.

Alto. — RECITATIVE. (*Messenger.*)

O Judas! O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war in all their horrors rise.
Prepare! or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus: from the Egyptian coast
(Where Ptolemy had Memphis and Pelusium lost)
He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands
His proud, victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Every memorial of the sacred place.

Bass. — RECITATIVE.

Be comforted; nor think these plagues are sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement.
Heaven oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin.
Turn to God, and draw a blessing
From his iron rod.

Bass. — AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders his glory to raise,
As still as he thunders is fearful in praise.

Tenor. — RECITATIVE. — JUDAS.

My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumæan governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

Tenor. — AIR. — JUDAS.

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around;
Who listeth, follow to the field again;
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear the pleasing, dreadful call,
And follow thee to conquest; if to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

Soprano. — RECITATIVE.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng
With wild delusion pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the Queen of Heaven:
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driven!
Or be she with her priests and pageants hurled
To the remotest corner of the world! —
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

Soprano. — AIR.

Wise men, flattering, may deceive you
With their vain, mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart;
But true wisdom can relieve you, —
God-like wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

Soprano and Alto. — DUET.

Oh! never, never bow we down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone,
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone:
We worship God, and God alone.

Part Third.

Alto. — AIR.

Father of Heaven! from thy eternal throne
Look with an eye of blessing down,
While we prepare with holy rites
To solemnize the Feast of Lights,
And thus our grateful hearts employ,
And in thy praise
This altar raise
With carols of triumphant joy.

Soprano. — RECITATIVE.

Oh! grant it, Heaven, that our long woes may cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm of peace;
Sons, brothers, husbands, to bewail no more,
Tortured at home, or havocked in the war.

Soprano. — AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make
In the pure strains of Jesse's son.

CHORUS. (*Sopranos and Altos.*)

See! the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

Soprano and Alto. — DUET.

See the god-like youth advance!
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance,
Myrtle-wreaths and roses twine
To deck the hero's brow divine.

GRAND CHORUS.

See the conquering hero, &c.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

Bass. — RECITATIVE.

Peace to my countrymen, —
Peace and liberty:
From the great senate of imperial Rome
With a firm league of amity I come.
Rome, — whate'er nation dare insult us more
Will rouse in our defence her veteran powers,
And stretch her vengeful arm, by land and sea,
"To curb the proud, and set the injured free."

Soprano and Alto. — DUET.

O lovely Peace! with plenty crowned,
Come, spread thy blessings all around:
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.

Bass. — AIR.

Rejoice, O Judah! and in songs divine
With cherubim and seraphim harmonious join.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 6th,

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Grand Orchestral and Vocal Concert.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE: Euryanthe ..... WEBER
2. ARIA. "Ah! quel giorno." Semiramidi ..... ROSSINI
   MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.
3. CONCERTO, for String Orchestra ..... BACH
   1. Allegro. 2. Adagio. 3. Allegro.
4. UNFINISHED SYMPHONY ..... SCHUBERT

PART II.

1. OVERTURE. Midsummer Night's Dream ..... MENDELSSOHN
2. RECIT, ED ARIA. "Ah! Parlate, Abramo" ..... CIMAROSA
   MISS EDITH WYNNE.
3. VARIATIONS on a Theme by Haydn ..... BRAHMS
4. ARIA. Qui S'degno. "Il Flauto Magico" ..... MOZART
   MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.
5. VORSPIEL. Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg ..... WAGNER

Wednesday Evening, May 6th,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE. Jessonda ..... SPHOR
2. SONG. "Be Thou Faithful unto Death." St. Paul ..... MENDELSSOHN
   MR. WM. J. WINCH.

THE FIRST PART OF

THE SEASONS.

HAYDN.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MRS. H. M. SMITH, MR. GEO. L. OSGOOD,
MR. J. F. WINCH.

PART II.

The Ninth or "Choral" Symphony.

In D minor, (Op. 125). BEETHOVEN.

A. (For Orchestra alone.) Allegro, Scherzo, Adagio Molto e Cantabile alternating with Andante Moderato.

B. Finale for Orchestra, Quartet of Soli, and Chorus.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MRS. H. M. SMITH, MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY,
MR. NELSON VARLEY, MR. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN.

For words of "Seasons," and "Symphony," see opposite page.

The Seasons.

Spring.

No. 1. — OVERTURE.

Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring.

No. 2. — Recitative. — Simon.

Behold where surly Winter flies!
Towards the north he passes off.
He calls his ruffian blasts:
His ruffian blasts obey,
And quit the howling hill.

Lucas.

Behold from craggy rocks the snow
In livid torrents melted runs!

Jane.

Forth fly the tepid airs,
And from the Southern shores allure
The messenger of Spring.

No. 3. — Chorus.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from her wintry grave bid drowsy Nature rise.

Girls and Women.

See! gentle spring delightful comes:
The softness of its breath we feel, —
The joy of renovating life.

Men.

As yet the year is unconfirmed;
And oft the cold's returning blast
With black envenom'd fogs the bud and bloom destroys.

Chorus.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And smiling on our plains descend:
Come, gentle Spring, while music wakes around.

No. 4. — Recitative. — Simon.

At last the bounteous sun
From Aries into Taurus rolls,
Wide spreading life and heat;
Up rise the fleecy clouds sublime,
And stretch their thin and silver wings
O'er all surrounding heaven.

No. 5. — Air.

With joy the impatient husbandman
Forth drives his lusty team
To where the well-used plough remains,
Now loosened from the frost.
With measured step he throws the grain
Into the bounteous earth.
O sun, soft showers, and dews!
The golden ears in plenty bring.
With joy the impatient husbandman
Forth drives his lusty team
To where the well-used plough remains,
Now loosened from the frost:
There freely yoked, their toil begins,
Cheered by the rustic lay.

No. 6. — Recitative. — Lucas.

Laborious man hath done his part;
And, while his heart with hope expands,
That nature's friendly aid will richly crown his toil,
His ardent vows to heaven ascend.

No. 7. — Trio and Chorus.

Lucas.

Be propitious, bounteous Heaven!
O'er the hills and vales luxuriant
Spread the rich autumnal feast.

Chorus.

Be propitious, &c.

Lucas.

Oh! let the gales of gray-eyed morning,

Simon.

Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,

Jane.

The genial sun, and evening shower,
With power of produce bless the land.

Trio.

The hopes of man shall then be crowned;
And songs of joy Thy praise shall tell.

Chorus.

Be propitious, &c.

Men.

Oh! let the gales of gray-eyed morning,
The genial sun, and evening shower,

Women.

The evening shower, and genial sun
With power of produce bless the land.

Chorus.

The hopes of man, &c.

No. 8. — Recitative (*Accompanied*).

Jane.

Our fervent prayers are heard:
The effusive southern breeze
Warms the wide air, with vernal showers distent;
In heaps on heaps the vapors sail;
And now their genial stores descend,
Wide spreading o'er the freshened world.

No. 9. — Duet and Chorus.

Jane.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields;
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander
O'er the fragrant scene.

Lucas.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields;
Come, companions, let us wander
Midst the sweets of May.

Both.

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

Jane.

Let us gayly tread the dew-drops,
Cull the blooming flowers.

Lucas.

See the valleys, see the meadows,
Where the lilies sip the streamlet.

Girls and Youths.

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

Jane.

Mark the mountains, see the waters,
View the lucid sky.

Lucas.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

Jane.

See the playful lambkins caper.

Lucas.

Fish disportful skim the water.

Jane.

Bees from flower to floweret ramble.

Lucas.

Tuneful birds through blossoms flutter.

Chorus.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

Girls.

What enjoyment! Oh what pleasure
Swells our grateful hearts!

Youths.

Soft sensations, rapture's impulse,
Changeful rule the breast;

Simon.

Till the feelings, all ecstatic,
Own the present God.

Girls and Youths.

With loud praises, grateful flowing,
Magnify his name.

Men.

Let the voice of pure thanksgiving
Rise above the clouds.

Chorus.

Let the voice, &c.

No. 10. — Chorus, with Trio.

God of light! God of life! Hail, mercy's Lord!

Trio.

From whose abundant stores
The earth with plenty flows,
And whose almighty love
Makes glad the heart of man.

Chorus.

God of light! God of life! Hail, mercy's Lord!
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,
Almighty Lord of all.

THE WORDS OF

The Ninth Symphony.

FROM SCHILLER'S "HYMN TO JOY."

Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness,
  Daughter from Elysium!
Hearts on fire, with step of lightness,
  On thy holy ground we come.
Thou canst bind all, each to other:
  Custom sternly rends apart:
All mankind are friend and brother
  Where thy soft wing fans the heart.

He whom happy fate hath granted
  Friend to have and friend to be,
Faithful wife who never wanted,
  Mingle in our jubilee!
Yea, who in his heart's sure keeping
  Counts but one true soul his own:
Who cannot, oh! let him, weeping,
  Steal away, and live alone.

Joy all living things are drinking:
  Nature's breasts for all do flow:
Good and evil, all unthinking,
  On her rosy way we go.
Kisses gave she, vine-crowned leisure,
  Friend in death aye true to friends:
Meanest worm hath sense of pleasure:
  Before God the seraph stands.

Joyous as yon orbs in gladness
  Speed along their paths on high,
  Let us on to victory!
Brothers, come, away with sadness!

Oh! embrace now, all ye millions!
  Here's a kiss to all the world.
  Brothers, o'er yon azure fold
Shine a Father's star pavilions.

Why on bended knees, ye millions?
  Feel ye your Creator near?
  Search beyond that starry sphere,
High above the star pavilions.

Thursday Afternoon, May 7th,

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Grand Orchestral and Vocal Concert.

1. OVERTURE. Iphigenia in Aulus.....GLUCK

2. SONG. "In native worth." Creation.....HAYDN
MR. NELSON VARLEY.

3. HEAR MY PRAYER. Motette.....MENDELSSOHN
MISS EDITH WYNNE AND CHORUS.

4. SCENA. "Che faro; senza Eurydice." Orfeo.....GLUCK
MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

5. CHRISTUS (unfinished Oratorio).....MENDELSSOHN
MR. WM. J. WINCH, MR. JOHN F. WINCH, MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

(For words see next page.)

GOD IS OUR REFUGE,

(46th Psalm.) DULEY BUCK.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MRS. J. HOUSTON WEST, MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY,
MR. NELSON VARLEY, MR. JOHN F. WINCH,
MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

(For words see 12th page.)

Hear My Prayer.

(Motette.) MENDELSSOHN.

MISS EDITH WYNNE AND CHORUS.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Hear my prayer, O God! Incline thine ear. Thyself from my petition do not hide. Take heed to me. Hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee. Without Thee all is dark: I have no guide.

CHORUS.

Hear my prayer, O God! Incline Thine ear.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

The enemy shouteth,
The Godless come fast!
In iniquity, hatred
Upon me they cast!
The wicked oppress me,
Ah, where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered,
O God, hear my cry!

RECITATIVE.

My heart is sorely pained within my breast;
My soul with deathly terror is oppressed;
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall;
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call!

CHORUS.

Lord, hear me call! With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call!

SOLO.

Oh for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove,
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there forever at rest.

CHORUS.

Oh for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove,
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there forever at rest.

Christus,

An Unfinished Oratorio. MENDELSSOHN.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MISS EDITH WYNNE, MR. WM. J. WINCH,
MR. JOHN F. WINCH. MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY

SOPRANO RECITATIVE.

WHEN Jesus our Lord was born in Bethlehem, in the land of Judæa, behold, from the East to the city of Jerusalem there came wise men, and said, —

TRIO. (*Male voices.*)

Say, where is he born, the king of Judæa? for we have seen his star, and are come to adore him.

CHORUS.

There shall a star from Jacob come forth, and a sceptre from Israel rise up, and dash in pieces princes and nations.

CHORALE.

As bright the star of morning gleams,
So Jesus sheddeth glorious beams
Of light and consolation.
Thy word, O Lord,
Radiance darting,
Truth imparting,
Gives salvation:
Thine be praises and adoration!

TENOR RECITATIVE.

And the multitude arose, and together they began thus to accuse him: —

CHORUS.

This man we have found perverting all the nation, and forbidding to render tribute to Cæsar. He saith he is Jesus, our master, King of Israel, the Christ, and the Son of the Blessed.

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Then Pilate said to the priests, the elders, and the people, In him I find no evil: the man is faultless. Then cried the people, —

CHORUS.

He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them in every place, near and far: throughout Judæa, from here to Galilee, he stirreth up the Jews.

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Then Pilate said again, I find in him no fault at all: I therefore will chastise the man, and let him go. They cried all together, —

CHORUS.

Away with Jesus! away with him! and give Barabbas to us! give him to us! give him to us!

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Still Pilate spake again unto the people, for he was willing to release Jesus; but still they cried, —

CHORUS.

Crucify him!

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Then unto them said Pilate, Take ye him, and crucify him; for I cannot find a fault in him. The Jews answering said, —

CHORUS.

We have a sacred law: guilty by that law, let him suffer! He hath made himself the Son of God the Lord. We have a sacred law: guilty by that law let him suffer!

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Then unto them he delivered him, that they might crucify him. They then took Jesus, and straightway to Golgotha they led him. There followed after him a multitude of men and women bewailing and lamenting for him.

CHORUS.

Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children. For surely the days are coming, when they shall exclaim to the mountains, Fall down on us! and to the hills, Hide us! Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children. Weep for yourselves!

CHORALE. (*Male voices.*)

He leaves his heavenly portals,
Endures the griefs of mortals.
To raise our fallen race,
O love beyond expressing!
He gains for us a blessing,
He saves us by redeeming grace.

When thou, O sun, art shrouded,
By night or tempest clouded,
Thy rays no longer dart,
Though earth be dark and dreary,
If, Jesus, thou art near me,
'Tis cloudless day within my heart.

God is our Refuge.

(46th Psalm.) DUDLEY BUCK.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MRS. J. HOUSTON WEST, MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY,
MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY, MR. JOHN F. WINCH.
MR. NELSON VARLEY,

CHORUS.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the hills be carried into the depths of the sea;

Though the waters rage and swell; and though the mountains shake at the swelling thereof.

SOPRANO SOLO, AND DOUBLE QUARTET.

There is a river, the stream whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; therefore shall she not be removed. God shall help her, and that right early.

Bass. — RECITATIVE AND SOLO.

The heathen raged: the kingdoms were moved. He uttered his voice: the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

CHORUS.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Amen. Amen.

TENOR SOLO.

Oh! come hither, and behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he hath made in the earth.

He maketh war to cease in all the world. He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

Oh! come hither, and behold the works of the Lord.

QUARTET.

Be still, then, and know that he is God: he shall be exalted among the heathen: he shall be exalted in the earth. Alleluia! Alleluia Amen.

CHORUS.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Amen. Amen.

Friday Afternoon, May 8th,

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Grand Orchestral and Vocal Concert.

PART I.

. OVERTURE. Coriolanus.....BEETHOVEN

2. ARIA. "My Heart ever faithful".....BACH
MISS EDITH WYNNE.

8. SYMPHONY. (B flat major).....SCHUMANN

PART II.

1. EINE FAUST OVERTURE.....WAGNER

2. ROMANZA. "I greet thee now." Op. 20, No. 1 (From the German of Rückert.)
SCHUBERT
MR. GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

3. ADAGIO. Prometheus.....BEETHOVEN

4. WELSH SONGS. { *a.* "The Missing Boat."
b. "A gentle Maid in Secret Sighed."
MISS EDITH WYNNE.

5. SYMPHONIC POEM. Tasso.....LISZT

Friday Evening, May 8th,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MISS EDITH WYNNE, MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS,
MR. WM. J. WINCH, MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY,
MR. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN.

(For words see 14th page.)

WORDS OF

The Passion Music,

According to the Gospel of St. Matthew. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

AS SELECTED FOR PERFORMANCE ON THIS OCCASION.

No. 1. — DOUBLE CHORUS.

1st Chorus. The Daughters of Zion.

Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish:
See him, the Son of man;
See him, so like a lamb;
Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish.
See it, his love untold;
Look! our guilt behold:
Look on him, betrayed and sold
On the cruel cross to languish.
Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish:
See him, the Son of man,
See him, so like a lamb.

SOPRANO RIPIENO.

O Lamb of God, all blameless,
Who on the cross hung bleeding,
Thy love still interceding
For foes who mock thee shameless,
Our sins upon thee bearing,
Else were we all despairing, —
Regard us gently, O Jesu, O Jesu!

2d Chorus. (The Believers.)

Whom? How? What?
Look where? Oh, where?
See him! Look on him, betrayed and sold
On the cruel cross to languish.
Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish.
Whom? How? so like a lamb!

No. 2. — RECITATIVE.

Evangelist (Tenor). — When Jesus now had finished all these sayings, he said to his disciples, —

Jesus. — Ye know that after two days is the passover; and the Son of man is even now betrayed to be crucified.

No. 3. — CHORAL.

Say, sweetest Jesus, what law thou hast broken,
To bring on thee the dreadful sentence spoken?
What is thy guilt? Of what so grave transgression
Is thy confession?

No. 4. — RECITATIVE.

Evangelist. — Then assembled together the chief priests and the scribes and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the high-priest, who was called Caiaphas; and they consulted that Jesus might be taken, and put to death. They said, however, —

No. 5. — DOUBLE CHORUS.

No, not on the feast, for fear there may be an uproar among the people.

No. 6. — RECITATIVE.

Evangelist. — Now, when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came to him a woman who had a box of precious ointment, and poured it on his head, as he at table sat. But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, and said, —

No. 7. — CHORUS.

Wherefore wilt thou be so wasteful? For this ointment could be sold for much, and to the poor be given.

No. 8. — RECITATIVE.

Evangelist. — And Jesus, perceiving it, said unto them, —

Jesus. — Wherefore trouble ye the woman? It is a good work that she hath done, because the poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always. That she hath poured this ointment thus upon my body, — this she hath done that they may bury me. Truly I say to you: Wherever this gospel shall hereafter be preached in all the world, there too will be told in her remembrance what she hath done.

No. 9. — RECITATIVE.

Alto. — Thou, dear Redeemer, thou. If thy disciples murmur loudly against this woman here,
Who fain with ointment dear
Would bury thee devoutly, —
These humble tears at least allow,
With which my weeping eyes run o'er,
Their water on my head to pour.

No. 10. — ARIA.

Alto. — Grief and pain wring the guilty heart in twain.
Fall, ye drops, fall faster, faster,
Freely from mine eyes like rain, —

Grateful balm to my dear Master.
O ye drops, fall faster, faster,
Freely from mine eyes like rain, —
Grateful balm to my dear Master, —
To my Jesus dear, my Master.

No. 11. — Recitative.

Evangelist (*Tenor*). — Then one of the twelve disciples, whose name was Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said, —

Judas (*Bass*). — Now what will ye give me if I to you betray him?

Evangelist. — And they offered him thirty silver pieces. And from that time sought he opportunity, that he might betray him.

No. 13. — Recitative.

Evangelist. — Now, on the first day of the unleavened bread came the disciples to Jesus, and said unto him, —

No. 14. — Chorus.

Where, where wilt thou that we now prepare for thee to eat the passover?

No. 15. — Recitative.

Evangelist. — He said, —

Jesus. — Go ye unto the city to such a man, and say to him, — The Master saith to thee: My time is at hand; I will keep with thee the passover, with my disciples.

Evangelist. — The disciples did as Jesus had appointed, and made ready there the passover. And when evening came, he sat down at table with the twelve; and as they ate he told them, —

Jesus. — Verily I say to you: one among you here shall betray me.

No. 17. — Recitative.

Jesus. — He who his hand with me in the dish now dippeth, even he'll betray me. The Son of man goeth now away, as of him it standeth written; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man shall be betrayed! Indeed, it were better, better surely for him if he had not been born.

Evangelist. — Thereto answered Judas, he that betrayed, and said, —

Judas. — Lord, is it I?

Evangelist. — He said to him, —

Jesus. — Thou sayest.

Evangelist. — And, as they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed it, and brake it, and gave his disciples, and said, —

Jesus. — Take and eat; for this is my body.

Evangelist. — And he took the cup, and offered thanks, and gave it them, and said, —

Jesus. — Drink ye all of it: this is my blood of the new covenant, which is poured out for many for the remission of sins. I say to you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

No. 18. — Recitative.

Soprano. — Although my heart in tears do swim,
That we so soon must part with him;
Yet in his testament we will rejoice.
His flesh and blood (Oh gift how choice!)
Doth he bequeath into my hand.
As in the world he loved his own here living,
Nor could be unforgiving,
He loves them still unto the end.

No. 19. — Aria.

Soprano. — Never will my heart refuse thee:
Dwell in me, my life, my all!
Never will my heart refuse thee:
Dwell in me, my life, my all!
Evermore in thee I'll lose me:
If for thee the world be small,
Thou to me art more than all, —
More than worlds, my heaven, my all!

No. 22. — Recitative.

Evangelist. — Peter said to him, —

Peter. — Though I should have to die with thee, yet will I never deny thee.

Evangelist. — And likewise said also all the disciples.

No. 23. — Choral.

I will stay here beside thee,
Nor thou my love disdain!
Whatever woe betide thee,
Here steadfast I'll remain;
And when thy heart is breaking
In death's relentless grasp,
Thee, tenderly uptaking,
Within mine arms I'll clasp.

No. 24. — Recitative.

Evangelist. — Then came Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and said to the disciples, —

Jesus. — Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray.

Evangelist. — And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and heavy.

Then said Jesus to them, —

Jesus. — My soul is sorrowful, e'en unto death. Tarry here, and watch with me.

No. 25. — Solo and Chorus.

Tenor (*Zion*). — Oh grief! Here throbs the

racked and bleeding heart. It sinks away. How pale his countenance!

CHORUS.

The Believers. — Why must thou suffer all these pangs of sorrow?

SOLO.

Before the judge he must appear:
No comfort, ah! no helper, near.

CHORUS.

Ah! from my sins they all their stings do borrow.

SOLO.

Yea, all the pains of hell assail him;
Nor will his innocence avail him.

CHORUS.

Mine, O Lord Jesus! — mine the guilt.
I own it: must thou atone it?

SOLO.

Oh! could my love for thee avail
Thy pain to mitigate, or share it,
Or could I only help thee bear it,
How gladly so dear a task I'd hail!

SOLO.

Tenor (*Zion*). — I'll watch with my dear Jesus alway.
Death no more fear I: Christ is gone before.
His sorrows are my joy, my glory.

CHORUS.

So slumber shall our sins befall.
And so for us their piteous story
Is bitter, yet how sweet withal!

No. 27. — RECITATIVE.

Evangelist. — And he went a little farther, and fell down upon his face, and prayed, and said, —

Jesus. — My father, if possible, wilt thou let this cup pass from me? Yet not as I will, but as thou wilt.

No. 28. — RECITATIVE.

Bass Solo. — The Saviour falls before his father kneeling;
Thereby he raiseth me and all
From Adam's fall,
The wondrous grace of God revealing.
Prepared is he
The cup, though death so bitter be,
To drink (and with the sins of all the world that cup is filled, —
Ah, loathsome sink!); for so the loving Father willed.

No. 29. — ARIA.

Bass. — Gladly, will I, all resigning,
Cross nor bitter cup declining,
Drink in my Redeemer's name;
For his mouth, that with milk and honey flow-eth,
To the dregs
Sweeter made his cup of shame,
Tasting first what he bestoweth.

No. 33. — SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET (WITH CHORUS OF BELIEVERS).

Alas! my Jesus now is taken.
Moon and stars have in sorrow night forsaken;
For my Jesus now is taken.
He's led away: ah! they have bound him,
All pity banished!

CHORUS OF BELIEVERS.

Leave him, leave him! Bind him not!

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished?
Burst open, oh fierce flaming caverns of hell, then!
Ingulf them, destroy them in wrathfullest mood!
Oh, blast the betrayer, the murderous brood

END OF PART FIRST.

No. 47. — ARIA.

Alto. — Oh! pardon me, my God, and on my tears have pity.
Look on me: heart and eyes do weep to thee, weep so bitterly!
Oh! pardon me, my God, and on my tears have pity.

No. 50. — RECITATIVE.

Evangelist. — And he cast down the silver pieces in the temple; and he withdrew, and went and hanged himself. Then did the chief priests take the thirty silver pieces, and said, —

First Priest. / *Second Priest.* — It is not lawful that we should
Put them in the treasury; for
'tis the price of blood.

No. 51. — ARIA.

Bass Solo. — Give me back my dearest master:
See the price by Judas earned,
Flung down at your feet and spurned:
Heard ye his disaster?
See the price by Judas earned:
Give me back my dearest master.

No. 53. — Choral.

Commit thy ways, O pilgrim,
On time's dark stormy seas,
To him who orders all things
Through sweet eternities;
Who measures out their courses
To clouds, winds, waves, below:
He too will find a pathway
Wherein thy feet may go.

No. 57. — Recitative.

Soprano. — He hath done only good to all. The blind have back their sight through him: the lame again are walking. He told us of his Father's word; he drove the devils forth; the mourners hath he comforted; and sinners too he hath received; beside my Jesu nought hath done.

No. 58. — Aria.

Soprano. — From love unbounded, yes, all from love, my Savour dieth.
For sin he dies who sin hath none;
Lest the eternal doom that lieth
Over all beneath the sun,
Be against my soul accounted,
From love, yes, all from love, my Saviour dieth.

No. 63. — Choral.

O Head all bruised and wounded,
Hung up to brutal scorn!
O Head for shame surrounded
With crown of cruel thorn!
O Head to honor wonted,
To splendor all divine,
Now outraged and offended, —
All hail, dear Master mine!
Thou face of God's anointed,
Before thee all shall quail
In that great day appointed:
Ah, now so wan and pale!
The light, all light exceeding,
That filled those sovereign eyes,
Now, quenched in death, unheeding,
Shall shameless men despise?

No. 65. — Recitative.

Bass. — Yea, truly to the cross our flesh and blood
Will only be compelled;
What most for our soul is good,
In terror most is held.

No. 66. — Aria.

Bass. — Come, blessed cross!
Come, blessed cross! — be aye my song:
My Jesu, ever give it me!
And, if too great my burden be,
Thy help, O Lord, will make me strong.
Come, blessed cross! — be aye my song:
My Jesu, ever give it me.

No. 73. — Recitative.

Evangelist. — And now, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top unto the bottom. And the earth did quake, and the rocks they were riven, and the graves were opened; and there rose up many bodies of holy ones that were sleeping, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared to many. Now the centurion, and they that were with him, and were watching Jesus, when they saw the earthquake and those things that were done, were greatly afraid, and said, —

Chorus.

Truly this was the Son of God.

No. 77. — Solo and Chorus.

Bass. — The Lord hath lain him down to rest.
Chorus. — My Jesu, good-night!
Tenor. — The pains are o'er
He for our sins so meekly bore.
Chorus. — My Jesu, good-night!
Alto. — O weary, sacred limbs!
See how my tears of fond remorse bedew thee,
That in my fall such bitter woes were thine.
Chorus. — My Jesu, good-night!
Soprano. — My soul shall bless thee all my days with thousand thanks,
That thou hast deemed it worth the sacrifice.
Chorus. — My Jesu, good-night!

No. 78. — Concluding Chorus.

Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,
And murmur low in tones supprest, —
Rest thee softly, softly rest!
Long, ye weary limbs, lie sleeping:
Rest ye softly, rest in peace!
This cold stone above thy head
Shall to many a care-worn conscience
Be a sweet, refreshing pillow;
Here the soul find peaceful bed:
Closed in bliss divine, slumber now the weary eyes.
Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,
And murmur low in tones supprest, —
Rest thee softly, softly rest!

Saturday Noon (12 o'clock), May 9th,

ORGAN CONCERT.

FANTAISIE in G major.....BACH

2. SONATA No. 4, in B flat major, Op. 65.....MENDELSSOHN
Allegro con brio, Andante religioso, Allegretto, Maestozo, Vivace.

3 IMPROVISATION.....

4. TRANSCRIPTION FOR ORGAN of Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise Symphony.
Maestozo con moto, Allegretto un poco agitato, Adagioso religioso.

B. J. LANG, Organist.

Saturday Afternoon, May 9th,

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE. Magic Flute.....MOZART
2. "SHADOW SONG." Dinorah.....MEYERBEER
MRS. H. M. SMITH.
3. SYMPHONY. Lenore.....RAFF

PART II.

1. OVERTURE. Genoveva.....SCHUMANN
2. ARIA. "Ah! quel giorno." Semiramide.....ROSSINI
MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.
3. ARIA. "In questa tomba".....BEETHOVEN
MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.
4. SHERZO. "La Rime Male on La Fee des Songes".....BERLOIZ
5. SCENA. "Softly sighs." Der Freyschutz.....WEBER
MISS EDITH WYNNE.
6. KAISER MARSCH.....WAGNER

Saturday Evening, May 9th,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ST. PETER.

New. First time in this city. J. K. PAINE.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MRS. J. HOUSTON WEST,
MR. NELSON VARLEY,
MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS,
MR. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN.

St. Peter.

Part First.

THE DIVINE CALL.

INTRODUCTION.

No. 1. Chorus.

The time is fulfilled; and the kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent, and believe the glad tidings of God.

No. 2. — Recitative. — Tenor.

Now, as Jesus walked by the Sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea. And he said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.

No. 3. — Air. — Soprano.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me; for he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and to confort all that mourn.

Recitative. — Tenor.

And He called his twelve disciples together, and sent them out to preach the kingdom of God.

No. 4. — Twelve Male Voices and Chorus.

The Disciples and Believers.

We go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet in the way of peace.

No. 5. — Choral.

How lovely shines the Morning Star!
The nations see and hail afar
The light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son of Jacob's race,
My Bridegroom, and my King of grace,
For thee my heart is longing.
Lowly, holy,
Ever glorious and victorious is my Saviour:
He alone is King forever.

No. 6. — Recitative and Twelve Male Voices. — Soprano.

And he asked his disciples, saying, —

Tenor.

Who do men say that I am?

Twelve Disciples.

Some say that thou art John the Baptist; and others Elias, or one of the prophets.

Tenor.

But who say ye that I am?

Soprano.

And Simon Peter answered, —

Peter. — Bass.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Arioso. — Tenor.

Blessed art thou, O Simon! for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock will I build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

No. 7. — Air. — Peter. — Bass.

My heart is glad, and my spirit rejoiceth; for thou will show me the path of life. In thy presence, O Lord, is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.

No. 8. — Chorus.

The Church is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes.

THE DENIAL AND REPENTANCE.

No. 9. — Recitative. — Soprano.

And when Jesus and his disciples had kept the passover, they went out to the Mount of Olives. And the Lord said, —

Arioso. — Tenor.

Simon, Simon! behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. And do thou, when thou hast returned to me, strengthen thy brethren.

Peter.

Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both to prison and to death.

Arioso. — Tenor.

All ye shall be offended because of me this night.

PETER.

Though all men be offended, yet will I never be offended.

TENOR.

Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

PETER.

Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.

TWELVE DISCIPLES.

Though we should die with thee, yet will we not deny thee.

No. 10. — AIR. — TENOR.

Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God: believe also in me. In my Father's house are are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; and I will come again and receive you to myself. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. My peace I give unto you.

No. 11. — QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Sanctify us through thy truth: thy word is truth.

No. 12. — RECITATIVE. — CONTRALTO.

And lo! Judas came with a great multitude; and they laid hold on Jesus, and led him away to the high-priest. Then all the disciples forsook him, and fled.

No. 13. — CHORUS.

We hid our faces from him: he was despised, and we esteemed him not. He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth.

No. 14. — RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

CONTRALTO.

But Peter followed him afar off, even into the palace of the high-priest; and they that stood by said to him:

SOPRANO. — MAID SERVANT.

Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth.

BASS. — PETER.

I do not understand what thou sayest.

CHORUS. — THE SERVANTS.

Art not thou one of his disciples?

TENOR. — MAN SERVANT.

This is one of them.

PETER.

I do not know the man.

CHORUS. — THE SERVANTS.

Surely thou art one of them; for thou art a Galilean: thy speech betrayeth thee.

PETER.

I know not this man of whom ye speak.

CONTRALTO.

And while he spake the cock crew. And the Lord turned, and looked on Peter: and he remembered the word of the Lord; and he went out and wept bitterly.

No. 15. — LAMENT. (*Orchestral.*)

No. 16. — AIR. — PETER. — BASS.

O God, my God, forsake me not! Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted. O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great. Oh! keep my soul, and deliver me.

No. 17. — CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works. And he that overcometh shall receive a crown of life.

No. 18. — AIR. — CONTRALTO.

The Lord is faithful and righteous to forgive our sins, if we walk in the light, as he is in the light.

No. 19. — CHORUS.

Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.

Part Second.

THE ASCENSION.

No. 20. — CHORUS.

The Son of man was delivered into the hands of sinful men: he was crucified; and on the third day he rose again.

No. 21. — CHORAL.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
Not from him my soul can sever;
Bright the hope this promise gives, —
I with him shall live forever:

Shall I fear then? Can the head
Rise and leave the members dead?

No. 22. — Recitative and Solo. — Tenor and Bass.

After that he was risen from the dead Jesus showed himself to his disciples. And none durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord. And he said to Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?

Peter.

Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.

Tenor.

Feed my lambs. Simon, lovest thou me?

Peter.

Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.

Tenor.

Feed my sheep. Simon, lovest thou me?

Peter.

Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee.

Tenor.

Feed my sheep.

Arioso. — Tenor.

Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatever I have commanded you. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

No. 23. — Recitative. — Soprano.

And he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, that he was parted from them, and carried up to heaven.

No. 24. — Chorus.

If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Recitative. — Contralto.

And Peter, with the eleven, went forth to preach, the Lord working with them.

No. 25. — Air. — Soprano.

O man of God, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, and fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art called.

No 26. — Quartet.

Feed the flock of God; and when the chief Shepherd shall appear thou wilt receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

PENTECOST.

No. 27. — Recitative. — Tenor.

And when the day of Pentecost was come, the apostles were all together in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind; and it filled all the house where they were sitting; and there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire; and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

No. 28. — Chorus.

The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty; and every one doth speak of his glory.

Now when this was noised abroad the multitude came together; and they were amazed and marvelled, saying: —

No. 29. — Chorus.

Behold, are not all these who speak Galileans? and how is it that we every one hear them in our own tongue, wherein we were born? and how is it that we hear them speaking in our tongues the wonderful works of God?

Recitative. — Soprano.

But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, —

No. 30. — Air. — Peter. — Bass.

Ye men of Judea, and ye that dwell at Jerusalem, hearken to my words. This is what was spoken by the prophet Joel: It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs on the earth beneath, blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke; the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the day of the Lord cometh, the great and notable day. And every one that calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

No. 31. — Air. — Contralto.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which is preached to you.

No. 32. — Recitative. — Peter. — Bass.

Ye men of Israel, hear these words. Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God to you by miracles and wonders and signs, him ye have taken, and by wicked hands crucified and slain. This Jesus God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. And being exalted by the right hand of God, and having received from the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath poured forth this which ye now see and hear.

Recitative. — Tenor.

Now, when they heard this, they were pierced to the heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, —

No. 33. — Chorus.

Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?

No. 34. Recitative and Twelve Male Voices. — Peter.

Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you and your children, and to all that are afar off, as many as the Lord our God shall call.

Twelve Disciples.

For the promise is to you and your children, and to all that are afar off, as many as the Lord our God shall call.

Recitative. — Tenor.

While Peter yet spake, the Holy Ghost fell on all that heard the word. And a great number believed and were baptized, praising God.

No. 35. — Chorus.

This is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son. We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us understanding that we may know the True One.

No. 36. — Choral.

Praise to the Father,
The glorious King of creation!
Bow down down before Him,
Ye chosen of every nation.
O my soul, wake!
Harp, lute, and psaltery take,
Sound forth thy glad adoration!

Recitative. — Soprano.

And Peter said, —

Peter.

Go and show these things to the brethren.

No. 37. — Solo and Chorus.

Peter and the Eleven.

Now as ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, love one another with a pure heart. And may the trial of your faith be found unto praise, honor and glory, receiving the salvation of your souls.

Chorus.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God.

Recitative.

Then they glorified God, saying, —

No. 38. — Duet. — Soprano and Tenor.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his holy name, who called us out of darkness into his wonderful light.

No. 39. — Chorus.

Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. All nations shall come and worship before thee, for thy judgments are made manifest. We praise thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name for evermore. Amen.

Sunday Evening, May 10th,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE MESSIAH.

HANDEL.

CLOSE OF THE FESTIVAL.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

MISS EDITH WYNNE, MR. NELSON VARLEY,
MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY, MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

Part First.

Overture . . . . . Orchestra.

REC. — Comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

AIR. — Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS. — And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed; and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

REC. — Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come: the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.

AIR. — But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire.

CHORUS. — And he shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

REC. — Behold! a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Emanuel, — God with us.

AIR. — O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain! O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up; be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Arise, shine: for thy light has come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

CHORUS. — O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, good tidings to Jerusalem! arise, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

REC. — For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee; and his glory shall be seen upon thee; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR. — The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, — upon them hath the light shined.

CHORUS. — For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Pastoral Symphony . . . . Orchestra.

Rec. — There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said to them: Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, —

Chorus. — Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men.

Air. — Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! behold, thy King cometh unto thee. He is the righteous Saviour; and he shall speak peace unto the heathen. Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Jerusalem! behold, thy King cometh unto thee.

Rec. — Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as a hart; and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

Air. — He shall feed his flocks like a shepherd; and he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Air. — Come unto him, all ye that labor; come unto him, ye that are heavy laden, — and he will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him; for he is meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Chorus. — His yoke is easy, and his burden is light.

Part Second.

Chorus. — Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

Air. — He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

Chorus. — Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him.

Chorus. — And with his stripes we are healed.

Chorus. — All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Rec. — All they that see him laugh him to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying, —

Chorus. — He trusted in God that he would deliver him: let him deliver him if he delight in him.

Rec. — Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; he is full of heaviness: he looked for some to have pity on him; but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

Air. — Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

Rec. — He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.

Air. — But thou didst not leave his soul in hell; nor didst thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

Chorus. — Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors! and the King of glory shall come in. — Who is the King of glory? — The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of hosts, — he is the King of glory.

Air. — How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

Chorus. — Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

Air. — Why do the nations so furiously rage together? why do the people imagine a vain

thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his Anointed.

Rec. — He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn: the Lord shall have them in derision.

Air. — Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Chorus. — Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of the earth are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

Part Third.

Air. — I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

Quartette and Chorus. — *Quar.* Since by man came death: *Cho.* By man came also the resurrection of the dead. *Quar.* For as in Adam all die: *Cho.* Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Rec. — Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.

Air. — The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

Chorus. — Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing. Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

Chorus. — Amen! Amen!

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NOTES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL,

ON THE PRINCIPAL CHORAL WORKS TO BE PERFORMED, FOLLOWING THE ORDER OF THE DATES OF THEIR PRODUCTION.

PREPARED FOR THE FESTIVAL BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

I. BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION-MUSIC.

[JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, born in 1685, died in 1750. The "Matthew Passion" was composed in 1728–29.]

This sublime work, which is more and more regarded as the greatest among all the great works of sacred music, has been hitherto unknown here, save through a single performance of *selections* at the Triennial Festival of 1871. Yet there can no longer be a doubt that it is destined to become here, as it has at last become (only within two or three years) in England, a most invaluable possession among all true music-lovers, a part of our religious culture and experience, like Handel's "Messiah," which was composed some twelve years later. Even in Germany, in its own native Leipsic, Bach's great work had lain neglected a full century, until Felix Mendelssohn in 1829 revived it at Berlin, his young faith and enthusiasm prevailing against the grave doubts of his old master, Zelter. The reasons for this long neglect have been: 1, the magnitude and extreme difficulty of the work, and its remoteness from the more familiar styles of later music; 2, its original design as part of a church-service, whereas it exceeds the means and bounds of almost any actual church (it has been introduced of late with great success into the service of Westminster Abbey); 3, its uniform seriousness and sadness, its one theme being suffering and grief; 4, the popular prejudice against Bach as a mere "scientific," "learned" musician, and composer of *fugues*. Yet in the whole Passion-music, with a single very brief exception, there is *not a single fugue*. And no music ever written, not excepting "The Messiah," is so steeped in the most wholesome, tender, deep religious feeling. It goes down into the individual, private soul, pleads for and with the contrite and believing heart, and lends sympathetic voice to every Christian's *personal* and private feeling to and for the Saviour. Handel, on the other hand, is *universal*, speaking to and for mankind. Instead of the mournful monotony one might expect in such an oratorio of grief, one meets in it continually fresh beauties, and new phases of expression; and the wondering attention is excited at almost every step by rare and exquisite surprises both in musical idea and form. It is full of living, stirring scenes, and of fine and vivid *character-painting*, which is dramatic in the purest sense. And, while the text may dwell upon details of physical pain and sacrifice, the music all the while lifts you above the physical, brings out the *heart* of the tragedy, causes the spirit to shine through it, pointing not chiefly to the wounds which Christ bore in the flesh, but to his wounded love for man and for his persecutors. So, after all, instead of being one long wail, it is a cheering and divine interpreter of sorrow, and sings the spiritual victory; so that the hearer's soul is not depressed, but raised to a holy atmosphere of all serenity and sweetness.

Then, again, if the Passion-music was meant for a church-service, it is none the less available for concert performance, after the manner of an oratorio; and in this way it is given year after year in the chief concert-halls of Germany. Such music is indeed too broad, too generous and catholic for any positive and actual church: it belongs to an ideal, universal church, if such we can conceive of; and if the text, the words, be at all prosaic, narrow, and traditional,

burdened with more of dogma than many devout souls know how to accept literally, the *music* is of such vital and essential truth and beauty that it sublimates the whole, makes all transparent with a higher universal meaning, and brings out the latent soul of the historic husk.

The origin and history of passion-music are well sketched in an article by Mr. G. A. Macfarren in the "London Musical Times" (copied in "Dwight's Journal of Music," Jan. 29, 1870), from which we take a few sentences: —

"From primitive times it was the custom of the Church to keep green the memory of the sacred history by a public recitation, on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, of those chapters in one or other of the Gospels, which relate the circumstances of the *passion*. To give dramatic force to the narration, the several personages who speak in the course of it were represented by different individuals; whereas he who recites the story was throughout the same.

"It was a special design of Luther, to retain in the Reformed Church this primitive usage of the periodical recitation of the *passion*. According to his desire, the simple manner of its intonation, by two priests only in his own time, was early amplified; and a German version of the text was printed at Wittenberg in 1573, with music for the recitation, and introductory and final choruses."

By degrees these compositions, text and music, in the Lutheran Churches became more elaborate, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the great advance made by dramatic music, especially in Hamburg, led to an extended development of their art forms in the hands of those learned and voluminous composers, Keiser, Handel, Telemann, Mattheson, &c., all of whom wrote passion-music. When Bach went to Leipsic, in 1723, as cantor of St. Thomas's School, and musical director in the churches, he found there a zealous church-official who proposed to him "the composition of a *passion* in which the text of Scripture should be rigidly preserved, but interspersed with reflective passages, upon the principle of the Hamburg *Soliloquiæ*, and further interpolated with pertinent *chorals*, of which the words with the tunes formed, as they do now, the first step in North German schooling, and of which, therefore, the congregation at large could participate in the performance. Here were to be combined the ecclesiastical, the artistic, and the popular elements; and their concentration in a single work was to be confided to the man of all others, in all time, best qualified for the task, whose competency was proved by the devout habit which fitted him to penetrate and expound the purport of the gospel text, by the consummate musicianship which enabled him to bring all the appliances of art to bear upon the subject, and by the vast experience in teaching, accompanying and elaborating the popular hymns, which familiarized him with the sympathies of the people, and the capabilities of the tunes."

Bach is said to have composed five different passions, besides his three hundred or more cantatas, one for every Sunday of the year, and each cantata of the length of an ordinary mass, comprising arias with recitative, choruses, and chorals, with orchestral accompaniments and introductions. Two of the passions are lost: one, according to St. Luke, is unprinted, and of doubtful authenticity: that according to St. John, a smaller but most noble work, is frequently performed. The "Matthew Passion" is the great work. It is in two parts, of which the first was sung before, the second after, sermon. The means employed in its performance are two choruses, two orchestras, two organs, besides a *cembalo* or piano for the recitative, solo singers in each of the four classes of voices, and finally the congregation in the chorals. Bach's score, as he left it, is by no means complete in all the instrumental accompaniment; and in the present performance the completed score by Robert Franz is used. It must further be remarked that the entire mass of performers is divided into two complete choirs (*Coro* I. *and* II.), each with its own orchestra, solo voices, &c. These are sometimes designated, one by the name "Daughters of Zion," representing the voice of the Christian Church personified, the other as "The Believers" or "The Faithful;" and both are several times united, as in the great opening double chorus.

There is no room here for anything like a descriptive analysis of the work: a bare enumeration of the elements which enter into its composition must suffice. These are: —

1. The Gospel Narrative (Matthew, chapters 26 and 27), which is treated in three ways, —

a. The simple recital of facts, impersonal and without comment, is in the form of dry recita-

tive (*recitativo secco*) by one and the same tenor voice, with mere chord accompaniment on the pianoforte. Yet even this is full of beauty and suggestion.

b. The *character* recitative, or dialogue, which is more melodic, and assigned to other voices, one for each person introduced as speaking. Of course the most important is that in which the words of Jesus are recited, always with the beautiful distinction of a violin quartette halo softly spread about it, which is silent throughout all the other recitative. Every phrase thus put into the Master's mouth is full of divine dignity and tender love, the scene of the supper being the most remarkable instance. The other personal recitatives (Peter in the denial, the maid, the high-priest, &c.) are all characteristic.

c. The *turbæ*, as they were called (literally, *crowds*, the populace), short, stirring choruses, some of disciples, some of Jews, which form part of the narrative. These add great variety, dramatic life and vividness, to the whole. Most of them are of a more or less excited, sometimes even turbulent, character, like "He guilty is," "Let him be crucified," "Thou that destroyest the temple," &c.; and none can fail to be startled by the tremendous effect of a single sharp and stern *diminished seventh* chord, spread over several octaves in double chorus, on the word "Bárabbas!" (accent on first syllable). The influence of these examples will be traced in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Elijah," and the "Christus" fragment.

2. The CHORALS, the people's part, the part of the worshipping congregation (or *Gemeinde*) in the Passion, as in all the service of the Lutheran Church. Of these there are some fifteen interspersed throughout the work, if we count those which re-appear one or more times clothed in new harmony, adapted to new words and situations. Thus the first chorale (No. 3) "Say, sweetest Jesus," will be recognized again, in spite of some melodic modifications, as alternating in an intermittent manner, line by line, with the sentences of the tenor aria "O grief;" again as No. 55 ("What wondrous punishment"). The choral, "Acknowledge me, my keeper" (No. 21), appears again in No. 23 ("I will stay here beside thee"), in No. 53 ("Commit thy ways"); and a fourth time, wonderfully transformed and colored, merely by harmonic treatment, in the pathetic hymn, "O Head, all bruised and wounded" (No. 63). These chorals are all harmonized with a consummate mastery, a beauty and expressiveness, of which Bach only had the secret or the genius. They were intended to be sung as harmonized, in four parts, by the double chorus, strengthened by the instruments, and accompanied by the congregation in unison. As now given, by a chorus so much larger than Bach contemplated for his Thomas-Kirche, and without the congregation on the melody, it may fairly be a question whether they would not sound better sung without the instruments.

3. The REFLECTIVE ELEMENT. This consists, as to the words, of portions not taken from the gospel, nor from the Lutheran hymns, but written for the present work by a certain Christian Friedrich Henrici, under the pseudonyme "Picander;" and, as to the music, of

a. Arias, mostly preceded by melodic (*cantabile*) recitative. These are numerous, for every class of voices, all elaborate, developed to considerable length in the usual way of Bach and Handel, — with a first and middle part followed by return of first part; all full of beauty and of individual character; all invested with most characteristic, exquisite accompaniment, the instruments for the most part contributing a sympathetic motive of their own, quite independent of the voice part. There would be no end of words, and most inadequate, were we to attempt to describe the beauties of these arias. They, with some of the great choruses, constitute the more subjective portion of the text and music, — the comments, meditations, prayers, confessions, of the individual pious heart, melted with grief or penitence, filled with warm personal love and sympathy for the divine Friend, who in almost every instance in this work is called by the human name of Jesus. Among the most beautiful are the two alto arias, "Grief and pain" (No. 9–10), — which is prompted by the incident of the woman with the box of ointment, a touching melody, with a slight, but tenderly suggestive, delicate accompaniment of simply two flutes in thirds and sixths with string quartet, — and the great one with violin obligato (No. 47), "Oh! pardon me, my God;" the soprano aria with its charming flute solo (No. 58), "From love unbounded;" the tenor recitative and air, "He will not speak," &c. (No. 40–41); and all the arias for bass.

b. Arias with chorus, which form some of the most interesting portions of the work. Chief

among them is the tenor solo with chorus in the first part (recitative, "O grief," and aria, "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway," with the soft, rich, soothing choral responses, "So slumber shall our sins befall"). To each pathetic exclamation of the recitative, the chorus of believers respond in four-part harmony, subdued and serious, self-accusing, a revelation of new depths of feeling and of beauty in that choral which came after the great opening chorus, now to the words, "Why must thou suffer?" &c. Nothing could be more beautiful, unless it be the aria which sets in after it, in a more buoyant yet moderate *tempo*, full of sweet confidence. The pregnant melody first sings itself through upon the oboe, and is then taken up in fragments by the tenor voice, "I'll watch," &c.; and at intervals the chorus, soft, and evenly diffused like summer rain, repeats, "So slumber shall," &c., then stops and listens fondly to the kindred melody of solo voice and oboe; the latter like a thread of light runs through the whole. Other fine examples in this form are, — the alto solo with chorus, opening the second part in quite a new and almost pastoral vein (Air, "Ah! now is my Jesu gone!" Chorus, "Whither has thy friend departed, O thou fairest of all women?"); there is a touch of musing romance in it, quite in the spirit of the Song of Solomon: and again, near the conclusion of the tragedy, the alto air and chorus, "Look where Jesus beckoning stands:" and, just before the closing piece, the recitative and chorus, "The Lord hath lain him down to rest," in which each of the four voices has its expressive bit of solo.

c. A few *great* choruses, not the brief outbursts of a crowd in given situations, but speaking for the whole communion of the faithful through all ages. Perhaps the grandest of them is the one which Bach has made the overture, or wide avenue and gate of entrance to the solemn and heart-rending spectacle to be unfolded. It is a double chorus, a broad, deep stream of polyphonic harmony, with twofold orchestral introduction and accompaniment, "Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish" (at the sight ye shall behold), in which instruments and voices seem pressing, crowding forward, like a vast multitude with anxious hearts, yet irresistibly attracted, all moving on in long-drawn figurative phrases; the second chorus asking, "Who?" "Where?" "How?" the first replying, until soon a third choir in unison (commonly boys) joins in the long tones of a choral, line by line intermittently, "O Lamb of God;" and finally both choruses, both orchestras, are brought together to swell the mighty current of the leading theme. Nothing in music can be more sublime, few things more difficult to execute.

Next we may name, as one of the most startling revelations of Bach's wonderful dramatic power, No. 33, in the first part, which, but for its sublimity, its *moral* grandeur, might be classed among the *turbæ*. Jesus has been seized and led away. A flute and oboe, in mournful, quaint, melodious duet, stand out from the dark background of the orchestra, preluding to, and then accompanying, the mingled lamentation of a soprano and an alto voice, "Alas! my Jesu now is taken." As they sing on, each in its own heart-broken, long-drawn, sobbing strain, lengthening out the melodic figures in grief's unhurried and involuntary way, the sultry atmosphere is ever and anon relieved by loud bursts from the indignant chorus of disciples, "Leave him! Bind him not!" — "Moon and stars have in sorrow night forsaken," continues the duet. — "Leave him!" thunders again the chorus. — "He's led away! Ah! they have bound him, all pity banished," still they sing, or almost wail, in yet more long-drawn, melting cadence; when suddenly the smothered indignation of the general breast finds full vent in the swift, tremendous double chorus: "Ye lightnings! ye thunders! in clouds are ye vanished?" The short, stern motive is first given out by all the basses; the tenors answer fugue-like, while the deep basses of the orchestra begin to roll and rumble; the theme goes round the circle of the parts; the rolling movement takes possession of the vocal basses also; voices echo voices instantly and sharply, like clap on clap of thunder, or in vivid flashes, and the foundations of the great deep seem upheaved in foaming billows: when suddenly there is a pause, — a moment of the silence that expresses more than sound; and then upon the major of the key (hitherto minor), with a new motive, gathering up all the forces of the orchestra, with an appalling energy and splendor, the storm waxes to a whirlwind, as quickly over as it suddenly came on, leaving the awed, excited hearer listening still with bated breath, "Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of hell, then!"

Equally great, perhaps, is the four-part chorus, or rather *figured chorale*, at the end of the

first part, "O man! bewail thy sin so great," in which the voices, each part with its individual melody, are borne along upon a broad, full tide of orchestration worthy of a symphony.

Finally, the unspeakably beautiful and sacred *Schluss-Chor*, or concluding (double) chorus to the whole work. It is the parting hymn of the disciples, weeping at the Master's tomb, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping." How full of grief, of tender spiritual love, of faith and peace, of the heart's heaven smiling through tears, is this tone-elegy! So *should* the passion-music close, and not with fugue of praise and triumph like an oratorio. How sweetly, evenly, the harmony flows on! — a broad, rich, deep, pellucid river, swollen as by countless rills from all the loving, bleeding, and believing hearts in a redeemed humanity. How full of a sweet, secret comfort, even triumph, is this heavenly farewell! It is the "peace which passeth understanding." "*Rest thee softly,*" is the burthen of the song. One chorus sings it; and the other echoes, "*softly rest:*" then both together swell the strain. Many times as this recurs, not only in the voices, but in the introduction and frequent interludes of the exceedingly full orchestra (which sounds as human as if it, too, had breath and conscious feeling), you still crave more of it, for it is as if your soul were bathed in new life inexhaustible. No chorus ever sung is surer to enlist the singers' hearts.

Portions Omitted. — Unfortunately, the great length, as well as the great amount of time required for the rehearsal, of a work so difficult and unfamiliar, in its style and structure, to our singers, precludes the possibility of yet bringing out the entire Passion-Music in a festival like this. It may be hoped the time is not far off, when it may all be given in two performances upon the same day; say on the morning and the evening of Good Friday (as it was originally before and after sermon), so that after hearing the first part, the hearer may have a few hours refreshment, then return and hear the other. The omissions (observe, the numbers prefixed to the sentences of text are sometimes not continuous) amount to more than a third part of the work: the most important being the great figured chorale at the end of Part I.; the opening chorus with alto solo in Part II.; a number of the most effective of the angry choruses of Jews (including the "Barabbas" shout); a beautiful soprano aria (No. 12, "Only bleed"); an alto recitative and aria, with chorus ("Ah, Golgotha!" "Look where Jesus beckoning stands," No. 69-70); the great tenor solo, "He will not speak," and air, "How still, how calm" (40-41); the sweet, solemn recitative for bass, "At eventide, cool hour of rest," followed by the air, "Cleanse thee, O my soul!" Also about half the chorals; and some very graphic passages of the narrative recitative, such as Peter's denial, the false witnesses, &c. But, after all, these omissions, in one of the important elements at least, are not so numerous as those that were customary in most of the performances in Germany before Robert Franz had filled out the accompaniment. Most of the arias *had* to be omitted for the want of such accompaniment; so that the choruses and the great length of recitative were balanced by a beggarly account of solo melodies. Our opportunity is better now.

II. HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

[Composed in 1741, in twenty-three days. Handel born in 1685, died 1759.]

If we say less of the "Messiah," it is because no oratorio requires so little to be said: we have it with us always, speaking for itself. Handel was a different man from Bach, and lived another sort of life. They were the two musical giants of their time, agreeing in their healthy, hearty, manly strength of genius and of character, their independence and uprightness, their sincere conviction, and religious consecration of their whole life and all their powers to their ideal of the art in which they both possessed consummate mastery. But that ideal differed in accordance with the natures and the outward lives of the two men. Bach was a musing, pious, and retired soliloquizer: Handel more a public orator in music, and so predestined to a greater popularity. Bach staid quietly at home in a small sphere, content with poverty and

simplest outward comforts, happy in ceaseless glowing toil in art for art's sake, the servant only of his Maker and his pure ideal, caring not for wealth or fame or for the world's opinion: such labor is its own reward. Handel was all his life before the world, and made continual appeal to publics. Bach's labor was religious service. No wonder that his music should appear more introspective, more subjective, almost mystical sometimes, and in the intertwining of the voices in its polyphonic harmony so subtile and involved, yet with no loss of perfect clearness: there is more of self-communion in it, more of the "musing while the fire burns." Handel is solid, massive, bold, and strong, more fond of simple, telling forms, though both are perfectly at home in the fugue style. All this might be expected of the man who for thirty years had been composing, and himself bringing out in theatres, that long list of Italian operas, before he felt his truest power in oratorio, of which the highest type is the "Messiah," the great work of his life, although in its stupendous mountain chain of double choruses the "Israel in Egypt" is almost greater.

The "Messiah" is *the* Christmas oratorio, as fresh in the affections of all music-loving England now, and Germany besides, as when it first began to be appreciated. It has helped many noble charities. For sixty years in our own city it has been performed at least once every year; and still there is no work so sure to crowd the largest music-hall.

There is no need here to describe an oratorio so well known. Suffice it to say that it lends most worthy musical illustration to the loftiest of all historic themes, presented in a well-chosen series or complete cycle of texts from the inspired writers of both the Old and New Testament; and that it is divided into three parts, of which the middle one is virtually *passion-music*, beginning with the solemn chorus, "Behold the Lamb," then describing, in arias and choruses of divine beauty and pathos, the sufferings of the Son of man, and ending with the triumph of the gospel in the sublime "Hallelujah!" But it is not strung upon a narrative recital by one voice, like the passion-music proper; nor does the oratorio in any part employ the choral hymns, which are with Bach an all-essential element. Part I. is prophecy, humanity's yearning anticipation of the Messiah, preluding to the scene of the nativity, the song of angels, and the beatitudes insured by the divine Child's appearance. Part III., beginning with the great song of faith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sings of the second coming of the Messiah; the resurrection of the dead; the ultimate deliverance of mankind from sin, sorrow, and death; and the triumphal songs of the redeemed in heaven; ending with the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," which leads into the ascription and "Amen."

III. HANDEL'S "JUDAS MACCABÆUS."

This is the oratorio of patriotism, the *heroic* oratorio, for which Handel was of all composers the right man, "to the manner born," as Beethoven was for the Heroic Symphony. Had there been time to listen to oratorios during our war of the rebellion, this was the kind of music to "fire the Northern heart," to animate the love of liberty, and keep up hope and courage and the nobler inspirations while the struggle lasted. Even now, to hear it is to have passed in review before us, in great forms of art, in a resounding dialect of immortality, all the tremendous experience, the darkness and the glory, of those years. And it is not less appropriate to the commemoration of a departed hero, of any loved and honored great heroic character. "Peace also hath her victories;" and, although there was no thought of the allusion when this work was chosen for the opening of the Festival, who will listen to it now without thinking of the nation's loss, the nation's pride, — our senator and statesman, whose life was one long, faithful sacrifice to the great cause of freedom?

Music generalizes whatever historical theme it touches, and so brings home to *our* times and to *us* its comment, or rather its spiritual *inside history*, of a heroic, liberty-defending period away back among the Maccabees. This oratorio was designed as a compliment to the Duke of Cumberland on his victorious return from Scotland, after the decisive battle of Culloden on

the 16th of April, 1746. The plot is founded on the accounts given of the heroic actions of the Jewish deliverer in the first nine chapters of the 1st Book of Maccabees, and in the 12th Book of Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The author of the text (the Rev. Dr. Morell, who wrote it at Handel's own request) explains his design, in the dedication, as being to present a "faint portraiture of a truly wise, valiant, and virtuous commander," in the person of Judas Maccabæus, of whom Josephus says: "He had been a man of valor and a great warrior, and mindful of all the commands of his father Mattathias, and had undergone all difficulties, both in doing and suffering, for the liberty of his countrymen. And, while his character was so excellent while he was alive, he left behind him a glorious memorial, by gaining freedom for his nation, and delivering them from slavery under the Macedonians." The programme of the Birmingham Festival of 1861 furnishes the following

ARGUMENT.

PART I. Lamentations for the death of Mattathias, by whom the Jewish people had been roused to resist the cruelties and oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian king, in his attempt to suppress their religion and liberties. — Divine favor invoked. — Judas as leader. — Appeal to the people, and their response. — Value of liberty. — Preparation for war. — Pious trust in God, and heroic resolve to conquer or die.

PART II. Celebration of victories, . . . and the valor of Judas. — Renewal of the war by a division of the Syrian army; and despondency among the Israelites. — Judas again rouses their failing courage, and they set out to meet the enemy. — Those who remain behind utter their detestation of the heathen idolatries by which the sanctuary at Jerusalem has been desecrated, and their determination only to worship the God of Israel.

PART III. Feast of the dedication, after Judas had restored the Sanctuary, and re-established the liberties of his country. — Return of Judas from his final victory over Nicanor and his confederates. — Celebration of peace and national thanksgiving.

Musically, this is one of the most *interesting* of the oratorios at any time; so that it is still continually performed in England and in Germany, in spite, too, of the fact that the score, as Handel left it (like most of the scores of Bach and Handel), is but an imperfect sketch of his intention, and still lacks a Mozart or a Robert Franz, to do for the orchestral accompaniment that pious service of completion which one has done for the "Messiah," and the other for the *Passion*-music.

There is a freshness about this music which tells with what whole-heartedness it was composed. It is full of happy inspirations. The choruses, all illustrating a few great simple texts, — national grief and shame under defeat and oppression, heroic resolution to re-conquer liberty, then victory and rejoicing, all of course tempered with religious fervor, — succeed each other with a marked, surprising individuality: all of them beautiful or inspiriting, several of them truly great. There are few lovelier or sublimer choruses anywhere than "Tune your harps," which comes in so richly on the dominant seventh chord, taking the word out of the mouth of the solo singer, and flooding all with its great, broad, swelling, and melodious flow of harmony. It seems very simple, but it is a masterpiece of art; and its climaxes, especially the last and greatest, where the trebles grow up to the high A and hold it out, are irresistible. Then, for a chorus of lamentation, what more deeply impressive than the very opening, after the instrumental overture, "Mourn, ye afflicted children"? It is much in the same great mood, though altogether another thing in art, as Beethoven's funeral march. And the next one, "For Sion lamentation make, with words that weep," &c., — we can hardly help comparing it, too, with something very different, the *Lacrymosa* in Mozart's "Requiem," which certainly is greater; but this has some similar climaxes, and has by a kindred instinct chosen the same broad 12–8 measure. The spirited emphatic fugue "And grant a leader," follows the prayer with a re-assuring energy of purpose, like "*Aide toi, et le Ciel t'aidera!*" And then the trumpet-like "We come in bright array," simple and short, has the very flash of helmets, and the ring of martial order; and willing, valiant hearts leap out in every phrase: musically it is not very much; but it is just enough, so timely! "Hear us, O Lord," with its thick-set imitations ("resolved on conquest or a glorious fall"), is a grand chorus, the most difficult perhaps of any. Grandest of all is the chorus opening the second part: "Fallen is the foe;" the vigor-

ous figures of the instrumental introduction are most graphic, painting the battle with a few bold strokes, which seem, however, all-pervading. The opening vocal phrases are startling in the energy of their announcement: two more marked and characteristic musical phrases than those on "Fallen is the foe" and "So fall thy foes," could not have been invented for their purpose. The first tones of the second of these phrases, which contain the pith thereof, are then expanded into a figurative fugue theme ("Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword"), which is worked up so as to complicate the harmonious confusion, and still make the exciting scene more vivid, now mingling with the two original phrases ("Fallen is the foe," &c.), and now pausing to listen, while the word "*fallen*" is whispered in low tones widely separated, the accompaniments measuring the time with pulsing chords. If perfectly done, it must be heard with breathless interest.

Another very striking chorus, in which the word seems eagerly caught up and passed all along the line, is, "We never, never will bow down;" the vocal masses being all consolidated after a while upon a choral, which still sings on in one part of the harmony, while the others clothe it with figurative counterpoint; also the solo and chorus, "Sing unto God." "See, the conquering hero comes," is too familiar to require remark: how many heroes, and would-be heroes, successful candidates, &c., it has ushered in! But it has just that familiarity, always fresh, too, of a spontaneous, obvious thought that only comes to genius; and yet it seems as if it might come to all. And then it is served up so skilfully, being first sung in two-part chorus of fresh virgin voices, then taken up in full force by the whole, then borne away (an imitative echo of it) by the instruments in a march. Equally obvious and simple, but rather homely withal, and lacking dignity, is "Hail, Judæa, happy land!" Few if any of the choruses in "Judas" are so elaborate, so vast in their conception, as the great ones of "Israel" and the "Messiah": they are mostly short; but they are singularly felicitous, effective, individual; they have the charm of happy hits; each tells the story; it was genial, large-hearted, human Handel reading the history by quick imaginative flashes, and telling it off-hand in that lofty, learned, yet palpable and graphic language, which had become the easiest vernacular to him.

The arias and duets, though they do not average among the best of Handel, have a great deal of variety; and some of those for the soprano and the contralto are beautifully original; while the great songs of Judas (tenor) and of Simon (bass), "Sound an alarm," "Arm, arm, ye brave," though somewhat commonplace, and of the *bravura* order, have a heroic ring to them, which makes them always a success with noble singers like Sims Reeves, and Santley.

IV. THE FIRST PART OF HAYDN'S "SEASONS."

[Haydn, born in 1732, died in 1809].

THE "oratorio," so called, of "The Seasons" was completed near the close of the year 1800, — nearly three years after "The Creation." It was Haydn's last great work; and though he was then nearly threescore and ten years of age, it certainly displays a marvellous degree of vigor, and vivacity of fancy, with all the old child-like, genial, cheerful nearness to nature, and love of God's creation, which is felt in all his music. He was the creator of the modern symphony and violin quartet, setting the model thereof, in respect to perfect form, for Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and all the classical writers. According to his own catalogue, he had composed one hundred and eight symphonies (of course, many of them small ones), eighty-three quartets, twenty-four trios, one hundred and ninety operas (what they were it would be curious to know; but they were lost by fire), five oratorios, one hundred and sixty-three compositions for the *Bariton*, twenty-four concertos for various instruments, fifteen masses, ten smaller church pieces, forty-four piano sonatas, forty-two German and Italian songs, thirty-nine canons, thirteen three-and-four-part songs, the harmony and accompaniment to three hundred and sixty-five old Scotch melodies, besides innumerable smaller instrumental pieces.

"The Seasons" is in truth no "oratorio;" and, as a whole, the work plainly suffers from its ambiguity of character, being in the main a pastoral, a secular cantata, prompted by the desire

to paint the changing phases of nature and the simple joys of country life, with all the contrasts of spring, summer, autumn, winter; while at the same time striving to secure some of the dignity of oratorio. But it is in just these graver and would-be grander parts that it is weakest; the more elaborate contrapuntal choruses certainly do not compare with "The heavens are telling," and the other grander movements in "The Creation." Yet in some respects it is more interesting than that, though many of its passages are tamer reproductions from that, and sound, with all their elegance, but too familiar. But in the lighter and descriptive portions, which form nine-tenths of the work, we find it richer than the oratorio; and what variety and contrast in its four parts! Our concern at present is only with the first part, "SPRING."

The overture, portraying the passage from winter to spring, is a fine orchestral piece, answering its purpose well, though less quickening to the fancy than Mendelssohn's treatment of the same subject in the prelude to the "Walpurgis Night." The chorus, "Come, gentle spring," is simply perfect: the very breath and soul of spring is in those fresh delicious harmonies. The homely bass air of Simon, describing the husbandman in the field, old as it sounds, recalls the character to the life; all the more that its phrases are familiar; that the tune is almost the same that Rossini caught again from nature afterwards, at a quicker *tempo*, in his "*Zitti, zitti*"; and that the orchestra, so richly occupied (how friendlily the bassoon runs along by the side of the voice!), borrows a hackneyed subject from the "Surprise" symphony. The trio and chorus, "Be propitious," the duet of Jane and Lucas, "Spring, her lovely charms unfolding," the chorus of girls and youths, in short, all of this spring music, is delicate and full of spring; and the closing chorus of thanksgiving is impressive.

V. BEETHOVEN'S NINTH OR "CHORAL" SYMPHONY.

[Composed in 1822–23. Beethoven, born in 1770, died in 1827.]

THIS is the last, and certainly in some respects the greatest, of Beethoven's symphonies. For a long time it was a stumbling-block to critics and musicians, because it overstepped the limits of pure (instrumental) music, by the introduction of a chorus with quartet of solo voices, singing Schiller's inspired "Hymn to Joy" in the last movement. It was also deemed impracticable in its demands upon the voices, whose parts range continually so high. Nevertheless, the difficulties have been conquered in many a successful rendering, as well in this country as in Europe; and now the sublimity and beauty of the work, its deep significance, as if it were a *résumé* of all the master's symphonies, and of the whole aspiration of his life, is commonly acknowledged. It is in four movements.

1. *Allegro.* It opens with a strange rustling *tremolo* of empty, barren *fifths*, which gives the feeling of a great void, the emptiness of life; and upon this with startling energy, like the relentless voice of Fate, a strong theme is pronounced, which still at intervals asserts itself until the end. Then the sweet human reeds pour out a pleading strain (a little melodic figure, that seems to be the tune of the "Joy" chorus in embryo), and sun-gleams and shadows, ideal hopes, and shadows of despair, mingle and chase each other; Fate frowns, yet the soul's enthusiasm burns unquenchable; there is a great storm and struggle as of light and darkness, stirring up all the depths of harmony; the human pleadings and the sweet ideals come again; and all seems tending to a beautiful solution, to a heavenly state of joy and peace and love; but for the present, for the actual conclusion, the inexorable voice that first rang through the void, prevails; and the *Allegro* closes with that theme again resounding with a three-fold emphasis. But the end is not yet.

2. The *Scherzo* (*molto vivace*) — with its quick, strong pulse of ceaseless three-four measure, light and tripping, yet with a breadth of crowded harmony, as if one wild, reckless impulse tingled in every nerve and fibre; and the quaint pastoral episode in four-four measure, where the bassoon toys so merrily with the horn — suggests the vain attempt to find true joy in the whirl of superficial pleasure and excitement.

3. The *Adagio Cantabile,* serene and heavenly, the very opposite to that wild mood of sensual joy. Like holy bells in a still night, the notes of the first chord fall in one by one upon the ear, leading in a sweet, slow, solemn psalm, with echoed cadence to each line; and the strings palpitate with blissful agitation as the time changes, and the soul is rapt in deeper bliss by the new theme in D that enters, — most lovely, warm, and comforting of melodies. What music ever written is more full of deepest feeling? Then, with what exquisite delicacy and subtlety of fine mellifluous divisions, winding and throbbing in and out, the theme is varied by the violins and by the warmer instruments! And what is there comparable to that pure height of ecstasy, of revery, in which the soul is more than ever conscious, lost to time, but waking in eternity, where, while the theme, modulated into a strange key, as it were, refracted through a visionary light, is pursued by the wind-instruments, the strings, now here, now there, in all parts of the orchestra, emit as it were little electric sparks of happiness, in those *pizzicati* which only *seem* so promiscuously timed. Then the slow horn, as if inspired with an involuntary eloquence, indulges in a florid passage quite beyond its ordinary powers. Then the wonderfully expressive drooping back, as with a sigh of too much bliss, into the old key and the old theme; and still more exquisite refinement on the melody by the violins. And when the conclusion must come, there rings out a bold trumpet-strain of exhortation from on high, — a voice which seems to summon the whole soul to highest *action;* then a brief relapse into the celestial melody, and the dream gently fades away; but it is not enough: the solution is not here.

4. This we have in the fourth or Choral part. How wonderfully the transition from pure instrumental into vocal music is prepared! First, a sort of shriek of despair from the orchestra; then a recitative, that almost *speaks,* from the double-basses and violoncellos, uttering the soul's question and complaint; a wilder shriek (diminished seventh), and more recitative of basses. Then the rustling fifths of the first movement are suggested: the basses answer, No, it will not do. The *Scherzo* theme is tried: No, again, with more impatience. The heavenly *Adagio* is touched for a few bars; and the bass soliloquy this time is of a subdued and sweeter melancholy, but ending still with restless sense of want of satisfaction. Then a new light sweetly streaks the dark horizon; the theme of the "Joy chorus" is just hinted by the mellow reeds; and the basses make eager, hopeful answer, Ay, that's the tune! and in a low, quiet voice these basses hum through, as it were, the melody of the chorus conceived in the style of the simplest people's tune; they repeat it; and the bassoon plays around it with a quaint accompaniment, as if free now to indulge in any innocent fancy; then the violins come in; then the full force of the orchestra, with trumpets, with the richest harmony, and all manner of melodic figurative phrases, the whole so exciting as to lift one on his feet. It is splendid; it is divine: but still the utterance is not complete.

Of course, after this successful *élan,* in which the orchestra rises above itself enough to seize the actual form and outline of the human utterance to which all is tending, there is a momentary reaction, or rather relapse into the stormy and chaotic mood again (the diminished sevenths), with which the movement opened. But now an actual human voice is heard, "Friends, no more of these mournful sounds: let us sing," &c.; and the rich, ponderous bass recites, almost without accompaniment, the tune (which seems so simple, but which proves so pregnant, and clings to the memory with such charm afterwards) to the first verse of Schiller's words. Then the chorus breaks in; and solo voices, singly or in quartet, vary the tune to the succeeding verses, and carry it up higher and higher, as is the natural tendency of such enthusiasm. The change of the four-four rhythm to the six-eight march time — where the full chorus suddenly modulates and ceases, the several measures of the pause being strangely marked by a single deep bassoon-note, with which a higher note at length chimes in, and then all the wind-instruments blend in so deliciously and buoyantly, as a prelude to the verse which tells of heroic youths rushing joyfully to victory — is one of the most marvellous effects in music. The energetic, closely-involved, arm-to-arm and face-to-face sort of symphony which follows, indicates perhaps the conflict, the heroic struggle of and for humanity. And now the strain of Joy breaks out more overwhelmingly; and in the consciousness of universal sympathies ("Embrace, ye millions! 'tis the world's inspiring kiss"), the chorus rises to a pitch of religious sublimity: the thought of Deity, of the "dear Father, that dwelleth above

the stars," absorbs all. To follow this through exceeds our power. But we have here reached the point at which the whole meaning and connection of the symphony become clear. It is only from this acme of the whole, this top-wave of the composer's joy-inspired enthusiasm, that we can look back over the preceding movements, and feel how they were all tending in their order to one goal.

And here we have the secret of the success or non-success of the vocal part of the performance. The voice-parts climb high; and ordinary singers are dismayed at the task of sustaining themselves so long at such heights. Evidently, the one indispensable condition of fairly singing such music, is ENTHUSIASM! Such excitement as in the orchestra made the double-basses *speak*, must here in the chorus carry the singers up above themselves, make them achieve what in our commonplace moods is impossible.

VI. MENDELSSOHN'S "HEAR MY PRAYER" and "CHRISTUS."

[Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, born in 1809, died 1847.]

"HEAR MY PRAYER," a motet for a soprano solo and chorus, with organ accompaniment (now arranged for orchestra), was composed in 1844. It naturally divides itself into two parts, beautifully contrasted, though there is no pause between them. First, we have the petition of the soprano voice, the prayer of persecuted innocence, which is joined by the chorus in quicker, agitated *tempo* at the words, "The enemy shouteth," "The wicked oppress me," &c.; and then chorus and solo go on alternating in a more and more excited strain, till, at the climax of their agony and intense supplication, relief comes in the buoyant heavenly melody, "Oh, for the wings, for the wings of a dove!" to which the chorus soon supplies a sweet, refreshing harmony, which sinks to *pianissino* in cool, tranquil tones to the closing words, "Remain there at rest." If the first part is "Hear my prayer," this is prayer heard and answered.

The fragments of the unfinished oratorio "CHRISTUS" were composed in Switzerland in the summer of 1847, a few months before Mendelssohn's death. He had not recovered from the fatal shock of his beloved sister's death; and there, in mountain-rambles, and in labor, giving whole unbroken days to each, he sought alleviation for the wound. "Two works," says Lampadius, "occupied him mainly,—a new oratorio, 'Christus,' and an opera, 'Lorelei.' The oratorio was laid out on a grand scale. It was to be in three parts,—the career on earth, the descent into hell, the ascent to heaven." But, in the thematic catalogue of his works, these fragments, all relating to the earthly career, are again divided into first and second part. To Part I, which has the glow of hope and prophecy, belong the trio, for tenor and two basses, of the wise men from the East, "Say, where is He born? We have seen his star;" then the fine chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," ending with the old German choral, "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern!" (How brightly shines the morning star!), in plain, note-for-note harmony. (It will be seen that Mr. Paine has harmonized the same choral in his "St. Peter.")

The fragments of Part II. form, in brief, another *passion*-music. They consist of a few sentences of narrative recitative for a tenor voice, and a number of accusing, angry choruses of Jews, "He stirreth up the Jews," "Crucify him!" &c., concluding with the lamentation (for mixed chorus), "Daughters of Zion, weep," followed by a choral for male voices. All this reminds one of Bach's *Passion*, as above described.

VII. MR. PAINE'S ORATORIO "ST. PETER."

John Knowles Paine, who is hardly yet of middle age, was born in Portland, Me.; and to his native city belongs the honor of the first and only performance, thus far, of the oratorio which is now to be presented. He studied long and very earnestly at Berlin, under the distinguished organist and contrapuntist Haupt, and others, where he became thoroughly at home in the school of Bach; and on his return to America, in 1861, he was appointed musical instructor and director in Harvard University, which office he still holds, now under the title of Assistant Professor of Music.

Prof. Paine's intentions in his oratorio have been explained as follows: —

The founding of Christianity, as illustrated in four principal scenes of the life of St. Peter, forms the subject of this oratorio. The orchestral introduction gives expression to the vague yearnings of that time of doubt and hesitancy, when the "oracles were dumb," and when the dawning of a new era of stronger and diviner faith was matter of presentiment rather than of definite hope or expectation. This leads directly to the full outburst of the chorus, with the words, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand," followed by a new theme on the words, "Repent, and believe the glad tidings." The alternation of mood wrought by these words marks the culmination of musical expression already foreshadowed by the orchestral opening, and thus completes the transition from the gloom and despair of heathenism to the gladness of Christian hope.

The divine call of Simon Peter and his brethren is next described in a tenor recitative; and the acceptance of the glad tidings is expressed in a soprano aria: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." In the next number, the disciples are dramatically represented by twelve basses and tenors, singing first in unison and then in four-part harmony, and alternating or combining with the full chorus in describing the aims of the new religion. The proem ends with the choral, "How lovely shines the morning star!" Then follows the sublime scene from Matthew, where Peter declares his master to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God." In the promise of Jesus, "Upon this rock will I build my Church," the recitative is succeeded by the bass aria of Peter, "My heart is glad;" the dramatic climax being reached in the chorus, "The Church is built."

The second scene is carried out to somewhat greater length. In the opening passages of mingled recitative and arioso, Peter is forewarned that he shall deny his master, and his half-indignant remonstrance is sustained, with added emphasis, by the voices of the other disciples. Then Judas comes with a great multitude; and Jesus is carried before the high-priest. The minor chorus, "We hid our faces from him," furnishes the musical comment upon the statement that "all the disciples forsook him and fled;" and we are thus prepared for the scene of the denial. Here the dramatic movement becomes exceedingly rapid, in the rendering of the events in the high-priest's hall, Peter's bass recitative alternating its craven protestations with the clamorous *agitato* chorus of the servants. The contralto recitative, describing the Lord's turning and looking upon Peter, is followed by the orchestra with a lament, introducing the aria of the repentant and remorse-stricken disciple, "O God, my God, forsake me not." As the last strains die away, a choir of angels is heard, of sopranos and contraltos divided, singing, "Remember from whence thou art fallen," to an accompaniment of harps. The second theme, in allegro movement, is introduced in full chorus, preparing the way for a climax higher than any yet afforded in the course of the work. This climax is delayed for a few moments by a contralto aria, "The Lord is faithful and righteous," and then is reached in the last chorus of the first part, "Awake, thou that sleepest!"

The second part of the oratorio begins with the crucifixion and ascension of Jesus, as described in the words of the opening chorus, "The Son of man was delivered into the hands of sinful men;" the joyous allegro, "And on the third day he rose again;" the choral, "Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;" and the quartet, "Feed the flock of God," commenting upon the command of Jesus, "Feed my lambs."

Then follows the scene of Pentecost, which forms the musical climax to the whole work, with the introductory tenor recitative, "And when the day of Pentecost was come;" the chorus, "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire;" and the amazed query which follows: "Behold, are not all these who speak, Galileans? and how is it that we every one hear them in our own tongue wherein we were born?" Peter answers them with the prophetic words of Joel, "'In the last days,' saith God, 'I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, &c. And every one that calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'" After the preaching of Peter, and the contralto aria, "As for man, his days are as grass," the culmination of this scene comes in the chorus, "This is the witness of God."

What follows, beginning with the choral, "Praise to the Father," is to be regarded as an epilogue or peroration to the whole work. It is in accordance with the tradition that the grand sacred drama of an oratorio should conclude with a lyric outburst of thanksgiving, a psalm of praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Thus, after Peter's labors are ended in the aria, "Now, as ye were redeemed," in which the twelve disciples and the full chorus join, a duet for soprano and tenor, "Sing unto God," brings us to the final chorus, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

VIII. MR. DUDLEY BUCK'S "FORTY-SIXTH PSALM."

Mr. Buck, who is also on the spring side of the middle age of life, is a native of Hartford, Conn. He studied music in Leipsic, at the same time with Arthur Sullivan of London, under Julius Rietz. For some years he occupied a leading position as teacher, organist, conductor, and composer in Chicago, until the time of the great fire, by which he was a sufferer, when he removed to Boston, where he has since held the place of organist and musical director at St. Paul's Church, and has had the charge of the great organ in the Boston Music Hall. His compositions, vocal and instrumental, particularly in the form of sacred motets, anthems, and church services, are numerous, and much in use throughout the country.

In the present work (now to be given for the first time) Mr. Buck has taken for his theme the same Psalm that inspired the noble hymn and melody by Martin Luther: "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." But, instead of condensing it into a choral, Mr. Buck has treated all the eleven verses of the Psalm in the extended and broad form of composition with which we have become familiar in the Psalms by Mendelssohn, though earlier examples may be found among the works of Handel and of others. He employs full chorus, solo voices, and orchestra. The first three verses form the subject of the opening chorus, "God is our refuge," after a brief orchestral introduction; the second verse, "Though the waters rage," &c., affords text for a contrasted middle passage, which is more *agitato;* and then there is a return to the first motive. Verse four, "There is a river," is fitly given to a soprano solo, followed first by a quartet of sopranos and contraltos, then (to a new verse, "God is in the midst of her") by a quartet of tenors and basses, and then by the quartets combined, recalling the words, "There is a river." Next comes a strong declamatory recitative for the bass voice, "The heathen raged," leading at once into the chorus (*Allegro con fuoco*), "The Lord of hosts is with us." An elaborate tenor solo follows, at first *andante*, "Oh come hither, and behold the works of the Lord," soon changing to an *allegro agitato* in the minor at "He maketh war to cease," &c., and closing with an abridgment of the first subject in the major. The tenth verse, "Be still, and know that I am [He is] God," is treated as a quartet of soli; and the work concludes with a swift, emphatic chorus, "The Lord of hosts is with us," leading into the fugue, "The God of Jacob," with a gradual acceleration of the *tempo* to the last Amens.

MISS EDITH WYNNE, MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS,

MR. WM. J. WINCH, MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY,

MR. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN.

B. J. LANG, ... Organist.

CARL ZERRAHN . . . . . Conductor.

THEODORE THOMAS will conduct pieces marked *.

For words, see "Book of Programmes."

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BY GENERAL REQUEST

Mendelssohn's Motette, "HEAR MY PRAYER," by Miss Edith Wynne and Chorus, will be repeated on this Friday Evening.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS
H. & H. SOC'Y A.D. 1815